B NATIONAL ER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A PALACE IN GENOA. BY EDWARD SPENCER.

For the National Bra.

XI. Inside the Iron-studded Door. " La bufers infernal, che mui non resta Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina;

Di qua, di la, di giu, di su gli mena. Nulla speranza e li conforta mai, Non che di posa, ma di minor pena ²¹ Dance, *Infern.*, v. 31, 43.

"He seemed burt, Even as a man with his peculiar wrong Mr. Beale Lloyd had enjoyed the reputation

at the St. Bobolink Hotel was famous among at the St. Bobolink Hotel was famous among startled the most enterprising cite on the globe his acquaintances for its blending of soft luxnry with the costliest and most recherché objects of taste. It was not the abiding place of a Sybarite, for all the yielding voluptuousness of its furniture; it was rather the nest, the retreat, the place of rest, of a man of wealth, of education, and of elevated tastes, who was fond of his own ease, and proud of his feeling for the beautiful. Hangings and ornamentation of a subdued Renaissance style, which had the airy grace, without the prurient glare, of La Pelite Trianon; book-cases, which might have held the reading of a young lady, so dainty were they, but were stored with the choicest collection of authors, bound in the most elegant styles of London and Paris; mirrors framed after classic designs; chande-

of these enjoyments, we may estimate very accurately the extent of that fall, the degree of the change wrought in him, and the enormity of the torture and punishment which he deemed it necessary to inflict upon himself, in expiation of his crime.

Born, so to speak, in the purple, he fled, like the King of Babylon, to the waste places, and grovelled as a beast. In falling from his high

Cieco, even so great was the transition from Beale Lloyd, Esq., banker, of Wall street, and the fugitive, restless Mr. William Beale, who was hiding himself in those dismal vaults in

A long, narrow cell, with high ceiling; on grated window, that permitted scarce a ray of light to intrude; four sombre walls, cemented over with some funereal-colored preparation, and bare entirely, save one inscription, which added tenfold to the gloomy suggestions of the place; a scrawled inscription, saying: " Oh Ser Bran ca! per la Somma Virtu di Dio, Giovanni Rocco implora pièta!" Was this entresty for mercy, piteously made in the name of God's Supreme Goodness, was it answored, or did the forlorn wretch, chained perhaps to that rusty ring-bolt in the floor, abide there, in the straw, and the darkness, till the chill Angel touched him, and there was no darkness any more? rather this inscription were washed out. Consider also the marble paved floor, which denied it. Consider the weight, the security, the massive repulsiveness of that low door, which was all iron within, and banded, black, bolted, like the safe of a bank. Mr. Lloyd kept his books, when he did business in Wall street, behind such a door as that, and now—the door closes upon him, and he has trusted the key to fled? A prisoner is dying! Consider the cold many months had gone by. fied? A prisoner is dying! Consider the cold air of the place, with its earthy smell, that falls upon you, and, in a moment, lessens the life of your pulse. Consider the infernal thoughts, the abortive fancies, the monstrous imaginings, naturally procreated of such a place—the legitimate and necessary offspring of all Bastiles, solitary cells, Cachots, Oubliettes. Consider all these things, and then remember that, in this place, with but a swinging lamp, that sheds a dismal and sickly light around; a rough, miserable bed; a single chair, and a paper-strewn erable bed; a single chair, and a paper-strewn upon financial subjects; and the bearings of such a monomania are too familiarly known to erable bed; a single chair, and a paper-strewn desk, for his peculiar use, this Beale Lloyd has

pose, had possession of Beale Lloyd, when first he became the lessee of Palazzo Cicco: The necessity of escaping from men; the necessity of work, to save himself; and the purpose and hope of redeeming his name and credit, by means of that work. He must escape from his fellows, or go mad; he must toil to exhaustion, or thought would turn in and corrode upon itself; and he must work with system and inor thought would turn in and corrode upon itself; and he must work with system and intelligence, or all his schemes would end in air. n he reached Genoa, excitement, and the when he reached Genoa, excitement, and the fierce anxieties of his journey and escape, had combined to make him almost mad. He could scarce indeed restrain himself from breaking out publicly into the convulsive gestures and delirious cries of positive mania. The bright sunlight of Genoa seemed to scorch his brain, like the breath of a furnace; the flashing, dance ing waters, in their sparkling, took, to his distem-pered mind, the semblance of a million swords, drawn against him, and menacing his life; him filled his eyes, he said, with horrid images of blood and caraage. The cool corridors and lofty halls of his palace gave him no relief, but rather, by their suggestions of immensity, tended to aggravate his malady. Demented, raving, he had fied hither and thither, up and down, through the house, watched and followed by the anxious George, until, weary, worn out by the fury of his madness and the exhaustion of his voyage, he had dashed into this gloomy cell, and, flinging himself upon the filthy straw, had gotten a long-needed and refreshing sleep. Afterwards, the vivid and eloquent contrast between this dismal Oubliette, and his rooms at the St. Bobolink, had struck his morbid fancies; and, in spite of George's entreaties, he deter-

bumanity is so touching, I tl rk, so significant of mortal frailty, as to see impagence riot where there has been most strength, especially when the desire still subsists, after the juculty has de-

the desire still subsists, after the circulty has departed. We cannot refrain from pitying even the broken-down race-horse, who, surned out to die, yet pricks up his ears at the drum's tap, and hobbles groaning along, is if he still yearned for the often-past goal. This it is which gives its strange pathos to the fixe of Jasper Lonely, in Sir Edward Bulwer's lite novel; and we feel the thing so perceptibly, sinsply because we see its workings everywhere according our fellows. Who can contemplate without pain the drivelling of the once famous orator; the doting nonsense of the far-renowned author; the wrinkled ugliness of the once reigning helle; Bean Brummell in a shaby coat at a dirty night-cap; the brilliant converser's para; yzed tongue; the once active soldier, all beat-ricken, limp and rheumatic? So it was now with Beate Liloyd, at work. Great and far-kne wn sanker as he was; eminent for an imaginative excellence of of being a man of exquisite tastes—one who had that refined and asthetic sensuousness which delights to be surrounded by things pleasant to the cultivated eye. His apartment to originate, mature, and accomplish some of the St. Robolink Hotel was famous among peculiarly lamous for his ability in giving character and prominence to unknown or obscure undertakings; he had yet never, in the days of his greatest elevation, and most adventurous action, conceived, worked out, or put into figures, any financial projects that could compare, in originality, grandour, or extent, with the schemes which now lay supered out upon his desk, ready to be set in 1000 m. But alas! like the old mathematician he lad the lever there, and the fulcrum, and his power was weighed and estimated to a min m, but—who could find him a Pou Sto? Here was no stand-point possible; and se—the world must abide unmoved, the gigantia seemes fall, still-

born, to the ground!

Not that Mr. Lloyd had set made this discovery. Up to this time, he had confined himself to the development and naturing of his various plans, which were to interlace with, and interact upon each other, and thus mutumirrors framed after classic designs; chandeliers that might have been modelled from some
of the few chanter patterns which are to be seen
in the Musco Borbonico at Naples, relics of
Pompeti and Herculaneum; bronzes, Severs
takes, and cameo reliefs—all these were gath
ered there, not crowded, but just enough in
mumber, and rare enough in richness, to please,
to attract, to be most effective. Besides, there
were portfolios of engravings, mostly the choice
attract, to be most effective. Besides, there
were portfolios of engravings, mostly the choice
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were portfolios of engravings, mostly the choice
attract, to be most effective. Besides, there
were portfolios of burg lottery—thus having he assurance of a quently recurring and per mannt institution!

Fourth. He argued, that, nee he had fallen to the lowest depth, since here was no plus ultra of degradation for his, and as the sweetest, most delicate perfume are mostly made from the filthiest, foulest oderec things, so it would be proper for him to me whatever base means to restore himself, si be once elevated again to his former pinnace, he could both wash his hands forever of the connections, estate, he did not, as some princes in clothe himself in sackcloth, and sit sorrowful in the courts of his palace, like Mordecai at the gate. On the contrary, he fled the palace, and took refuge inside the iron-bound door of a dungeon. And, as the distance was between a dungeon. And, as the distance was between that soft and beautiful room in the St. Bobolink, that soft and beautiful room in the St. Bobolink, and four cargoes of slaves: and in Cuba, one in Texas, one in South Carolina, one in Mississippi. If two of these vessels went safe, his sippi. sippi. If two of these vessels went safe, his profit would be six fold—if ar of them succeeded, he would have no need them the infamous adventure. Fifth. The plans, all of which were the result of what had satisfied himself was a rational and ear let application of the law of probability to its lers of chance, he set apart, scheduled as priin mary. When his original capital should have, seen augmented, in these ways, until he was put in possession of a million and a half of dollars, unencumbered, (in addition to what be had set apart

for the maintenance of his tanky in Genoa,) he was then to embark upor the grand speculative seas of Europe, and to it he could not conquer back what he had to His plans were as follows: a million, to use as "counters," in speculation ; a half million to terve as a con ruption fund, to forward his int tests. For ex ample—he would have his man ready, say to buy shares in the Credit Mobilier. With a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars, he would procure fall a "degraphic reports, which would depress to larket?" The Emperor is very ill at Rarriz;" or "the Prince Napoleon has had a "buous fall—injured internally;" or "Our arm has suffered a reverse near Varna." These rumors might beat down the market from \$ 10 20 per cent. But, even in the lowest event, with his immense margin of a million, he could double his capital at every venture, and, with small risk, re store himself to his former position, before

desk, for his peculiar use, this Beale Lloyd has such a monomania are too familiarly known to passed the greater part of an entire month, selfexplain, or of studying to apologize. We have only to do with these extravagances of Beale Lloyd, so far forth as they, and their study, and manipulation, were part of his life in the Oubliette. They were never attempted to be car-ried out; they were never even copied, nor transmitted abroad; mere fungi of the dungeon, rnd of the distempered brain of its occupant,

And the most trifling reflection his circumstances, his position, his temptations, rendered almost venial, was plunged into a condition of shame, agony, despair, that made him shun his fellows, made him hato the light, gave him the desire of suicide without the courage to attempt it, and so shocked, shattered, overand, in spite of George's entreaties, he determined that here he would stay, here labor, and here torment himself continually, antil he had completed his plans for his own re-edification and restoration.

But his work? Ah, that was the most pitiful, the most saddening feature in the whole case! Nothing in all the varied fortunes of

that horror? Could we say aught else than himself at least, as the freshly-made Woorali. this: He is mad; take him away! And Beale These three features of his situation, then, be-Lloyd's case is not less salient in inexplicable reumstances, unless we say of him also: He

is mad!
Was he then so insane as to be irresponsible in every respect? the reader will ask. By no means; for, if he were, we would have no right to But, besides his work, the occupant of the him to contribute a voice to! And how, when he would refuse, they wreaked their vengeance upon him by night, coming in troops, like fairies to a revel, tumbling over him, pricking, pinching, biting him, propping open his eyelids, and robbing him of sleep! Brave company! Night after night they came, till at last he was beginning to laugh with them, and to be in every way as mad as they, when——a friend came to his aid, and, saving him for the nonce, straightway took possession of him, as the word of the wor

was supreme over the realms of dream and vision, and at whose bidding all the panoply and pomp of Fancy would take on gorgeous array, and move before the eye with the stately splendor and infinitesimal variety of cloud-forms passing athwart the sky! Of Rest, too, was he the seeming Master; and therefore most cherished by the citizen of that dark Oublistle. A Guest, however, not easily to be got rid of; who demanded, in return for his partial favors, the supremacy claimed by that tyrannical Old Man of the Sea; who could haunt with spectres, as he could endow with dreams; and who, for the temporary Rest which he gave, exacted the base allegiance of a slave. And this Guest, who saved Beale Lloyd from

grinning fiend, an Homunculus, whose name

think Coleridge meant opium then. Now, we may lay it down as a general principle, that the injury resulting from the habitual use of this drug consists in the fact that it PAMPERS whatever is most morbid in each of us. "He that thinks beer, will dream beer," says De space. Invariably, this foul fiend, having got-ten the mastery of us, finds out, and perverts to his own use, our leading thought, our principal trouble, our ruling perplexity, our most lamentable failing. This, in his possession, is sure to be made the subject of his malicious manipulation; to be warped, twisted, turned like a glove, pulled this way and that way awry, idealized or brutalized—always somehow exaggerated and perverted, but always made to retain some recognisable feature of its original self, and so continued ever in its close relations to ourselves. In this way, the grinning Fiend, after flattering Lloyd with some hours of rest, soon pampered up his misery, both waking and in dreams; until, finally, his last state was worse than the first. And when he would have reproached it, first. And when he would have reproached it, the Fiend, dragging him eyer on relentless, among the foul scenes of Blocksberg, and rushingly, despairingly, past the gibbet-mounted Rabenstein of his lost hopes, laughingly said to him, in the words of Mephistophiles: "Now again we are at our wits' end, and so soon! Just the way with you movtals, your sense snapping always with overstrain when you have gotten so far. Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Will'st fly, and art not safe from dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?" An unanswerable query.

Fair sport had the Fiend with Lloyd! There was his morbid shame to play upon; and his wild hopes, with all their passionate wrestlings with reason, and their illimitable vagaries of

form and substance, light and hue, aim and direction; and lagly, there was his Remorse. Remember,

These three features of his situation, then, became the instruments by which the Opium-Homunculus lashed this unfortunate wretch onward into the very Malebogs of life. And the medium of his torture was, chiefly, the Dream. Awake, what principally haunted and disturbed him—child of Opium, this—was an exaggerated, perpetual, hideous DREAD. Whatever occupied his thoughts at the moment, was sure to be perverted, soiled, made foul and loathsome, and not to be touched, by this all-pervading Dread. Now, hated monster, it would means; for, if he were, we would have no right to introduce him upon these pages. The man's mind was strong and vigorous, his moral nature was acutely sensible, and, withal, he was suffering from a disease which tended to call out all his faculties—irregularly, of course—morbidly, with terrible starts and jerks, that threatened to visit irreparable damage upon the whole machina. This disease we may call (for lack of a other time, with ears intent for every sound, comprehensive word) remorse for a positive crime, complicated with shame for a proud soul disgraced. And our interest in the man consists in our study of the progress of this disease, the analysis of its effects upon him and those connected with him, and the portraying of our reasonable doubts as to whether the disease will conquer the man, or the man will fling off the disease. It is emphatically a historic interest having due regard to the relations of moral and physical causes with moral and physical effects.

But, besides his work, the occupant of the soult interest take on the guise and form of Jealousy. Another time, with ears intent for every sound, with stealthy step and bilious eye, sharp-glancing underneath the brow, it crept along, sowing tares among the wheat, and poisoning his every thought, being Suspicion. Again, with face all pale, and horrent hair, with lips blue and trembling, glances athwart, ears haunted by the ghosts of sounds, with quaking step, blood all achill, and agued creeping of the flesh and bones, it ruled his woful hours, confessing itself to be Fear. So, then, it comes to this, the would miserably fancy.) My children hate and shun me; Rupert, enamored of his sports, But, besides his work, the occupant of the shun me; Rupert, enamored of his sports, Oubliette has other matters of concern; for instance, his thoughts. Brave company for him to bring him back his name; Helen, why, she were those thoughts! as he sat there, day after will play by the hour with that little Pepe, in day, night after night, his jaw sunk, his lip quivering, his brow clouded—brave company she laughs no more. If they suspect I will indeed! ha! ha! what a mad dance they were ever wooing him to join! What bursts of wildest revelry they shouted at his ear, and asked
him to contribute a voice to! And how, when
he would refuse, they wreaked their vengeance
she leved me once, as few men have been

nonce, straightway took possession of him, as Perhaps the broken-down defaulter is an en-the "Old Man of the Sea" assumed manorial cumbrance, and a shame, who would be well

prepossessing, who will suspect in them the forger's family! Well, let them go. I have no right to ask them to wait the few short weeks, until these damned rats have gnawed their way completely out, and I am-where? No, never! Sooner will I forget the laws of nature, murder them in their beds, or blow this accused shadow-And this Guest, who saved Beale Lloyd from the mad dance of Thought, gave him Rest, and mounted upon his shoulders, was, after all, but a villainous, dark-hued Bottle Imp, a malicious, again, and I, sweeping away all scores, and "No claws, no tail!" says the Orthodox, speaking of Oberon, in that wild Intermezzo my rightful rank among the Princes. Aha! speaking of Oberon, in that wild Intermezzo in "Faust." "Yet, it stands beyond a doubt, that, even as 'the gods of Greece,' so is he, too, a devil." And we may assert the same thing of this fiend, whom Mr. Lloyd had taken to his bosom, deaming him a friend and benefactor. However he may disguise and mask himself, we cannot long enjoy his company with terrible discovery of the down fort. self, we cannot long enjoy his company without this terrible discovery of the cloven-foot. True, he had advantaged the banker so far, that, by his timely interposition, the unhappy man was saved from immediate insanity. But, in so doing, he charmed the man with his subtle, serpent charm, and, taking advantage of that fascination, assumed the mastery over his life; and, once supreme, led him much farther into the realm of horrors than he had ever been dragged before. Out went they in fact into the very Blocksberg of Fantasy, where for a time the Faust of our story danced, all ensnared and fascinated with the fiend, the fair one, the Lilith, who talked to him of lovely apples, and seemed the incarnation of every queenly virtue, the well spring of all firm-based happiness—but, suddenly—"ah! in the middle of her song, sprang a red mouse out of her mouth!" After that, there was no need of further disguise, as there was no possibility of it—and Lilith punished his disgust by transforming herself into—Mednas.* Do you remember that couplet in the "Ancient Mar." True, I know prehaps have found me out this self-line of the cloven foot. God, perhaps not safe for me! Perchance some error, some figure dropped, some wrongly to some error, some figure dropped, some wrongly the some error, some figure dropped, some wrongly to calculated sum—and then? Ruin, ruin, ruin! Have I not proved them? Aye, but perhaps not carefully enough—my poor head, so opposed with its burden of woe, so aching and befogged by that accursed drug, which sneers at me from the bottle there—who would won der if some fatal error had crept in? To-morrow, to revise them onc and Lilith punished his disgust by transforming herself into—Medusa.* Do you remember that couplet in the "Ancient Mariner?"

"The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she, who thicks man's blood with celd."

I shigh Coloridge ment onjum then. Now. bring it on—his vengeance and my shame—my children exposed to gibe and scoff, and I—ban-ned, hound-hunted, up and down the world! 'Tis so easy for him to do it, too. An agent here in Genos, with money-George corrupt Quincey; but he will dream of flagons fit for the Berserk's use in Valhalla, of kegs huge as the great tun of Heidelberg, of froth like the foam of a storm-lashed sea, and bar-rooms wide as Liverpool, to secure that Prussic acid! A hand laid on me for arrest—it goes to my mouth, and all is over; I go—I dare not ask

whither, but, at least, beyond pursuit! Let them beware how they drive a desperate man to bay. And let George beware how he betrays me. I have his pistols yet—and time was, when, for a few scudi, one could hire a very keen poignard in Genoa! Ah-ha-'tis black. St! Ah! who touched the door? Is the bolt shot? Aye—and these pistols at my hand. Could one see me from yon windows? No, I think not. Yet, some one is moving out there; I can here the stealthy tread that confesses evil purpose. These scowling rogues about the place—I have always suspected them. They shall tramp to morrow. I have the reputation, here, of untold wealth, George says, and also that they think I keep my money in this vault. What if they should find their way in here some night, strong enough to overpower me? Murdered in my sleep! How the idea makes one shudder. To die thus—oh, may I be spared so much, at least!

much, at least! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A late celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

An exchange says that, "In the absence of

For the National Era NEW YEAR'S EVE.

In the grim North, amid sepulchral solitudes fit for the dying year. A frozen sea, fringed with horrid headlands, snow-covered granite buttresses, that scowl beneath the spectral lances of the Aurora. The hull of a ship loom ng dimly above the ice-locked waste of watersman's noblest symbol of motion bound in the mbrace and paralyzed by the agencies of

I sweep with the fierce blast upon this oceaceiling, in its pauses hear the tramp of the bear n the crackling drift, and mark the barricades of hummucks, and stand upon the deck.

What I are the old Norse gods at revel here roaring their runes over strong mead, a robust velcome to the lusty young Year? Hark! "So, landlord, fill the flowing bowi "-

Christmas catch, to be sure; there is nothing candipavian in that; no drinking from skulls here, after all. A rift in the revelry, and "Auld Lang Syne" falls in plaintive cadence upon the ear; my ear, listening alone beneath the starless cope, while from the horizon streams a quivering light to tell its mysteries in muter

nusic to the ear of Space. Musing in the saddle, amid the muffled tramp f many feet. A long black line moving monotonously over a sea of gray. I look upon the stars; a dark purple sky is everywhere above me, and from it languid scintillations drop through the warm, wide air. The dark-purple sky is everywhere above me, and all about the great Sahara. Hushed are the noises of the caravan, except the merchant's stifled cry when ne sees in his sleep the charging Bedouin, and from time to time some camel-driver's chant. The scene vanishes : nor yet at once, for I am still conscious of a swaying motion in the sad-

gnawing of the thoughts about the throbbing threaten or implore, as if each trunk contained a tortured spirit. On an open plateau, a team of oxen standing straggled across a sled-track, me, however much they may dissemble. I am their red chests powdered with their frozen to be got rid of. That is clear. I am in their breath. A huge log slipped from its fastenings, way—men will never recognise me—will always shrink from contact with me—they know it, and they wish to escape from what will always be a blight upon their fame, an obstacle to their fortunes. Once fled and gone, in other climes and with another name, wealthy and climes and cli

fair young nun-the trade-winds dallying with her tresses, and the Southern cross upon her preast. I listen to the straining of and watch the vessel's phosphorescent wake. A broad shaft of silvery light creeps from the horizon, and rests upon the gently-heaving bosom of the sea. It is the moon rising, Venus like, instinct with beauty, until her white disc, half-emerged, arches with the ocean. And so I gaze, and greet in fancy summer isles where these same wanton trade winds wander at will, and taste the breath of sleeping groves. The steward's voice disturbs my reverie—"Eight bells, sir; and Captain Marlin would like you to join him in a glass of grog to the New Year."

night. Sam, bring a pitcher of cider—shut the door, quick;" and then the bluff old fellow whistles, "Cease, rude Boreas," unconscious of an invisible critic. Suddenly he stops, and mutters, "Twenty years ago to night." I know there is a shadow on his face, although I can-not see it, for he rests his head upon his hand. Then he slowly says, "Well! well!" and then, seeming to break from the grip of a sad memory, he bends hurriedly forward, and stirs the fire. Sam, I think, has tapped a whirlwind, such a gust comes at his heels. He sets the capacious pitcher, a Dutch burgomaster in crockery, upon the shining cherry table, and crockery, upon the shining cherry table, and as the fire-light flickers upon the topaz-colored

beverage sparkling in the glasses—

"A happy New Year!"

"Why, Dora, have I been asleep? A New Year it is; and there are the chimes! 'Ring out wild bells across the snow.' Philadelphia, Pa.

Addison and Inving .- At the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the purpose of honoring the memory of Washington Irving, Profs. Longfellow, Holmes, Felton, and Edward Everett, made beautiful and appropriate addresses. From that of Mr. Everett we

make the following extract:

"Mr. Irving's manner is often compared with Addison's, though, closely examined, there is no great resemblance between them, except that they both write in a simple, unaffected Johnson and Gibbon. It was one of the witty but rather ill-natured sayings of Mr. Samuel Rogers, whose epigrams sometimes did as much njustice to his own kind and generous nature as they did to the victim of his pleasantry, that Washington Irving was Addison and Water; a judgment which, if seriously dealt with, is altochase, in plunder, or in theft. They are interest to firm the merits of the two writers, sented as devoid of every attribute of humanity, and treach gether aside from the merits of the two writers, who have very little in common. Addison had received a finished classical education at the Charter House and at Oxford, was eminently a man of books, and had a decided taste for liting man of books, and had a decided taste for liting for the control of letters. The control of letters are contaminate human nature; never that can contaminate human nature; never the control of letters are contaminated by the control of erary criticism. Mr. Irving, for a man of let-

ters, was not a great reader, and if he possessed the critical faculty, never exercised it. Addison quoted the Latin poets frequently, and wrote correct Latin verses himself. Mr. hyving made no pretensions to a familiar acquaintance with the classics, and probably never made a hexameter in his life.

"Addison wrote some smooth English poets, which Mr. Irving, I believe, never attempted; but with the exception of two extrace exquisite hymns, (which will last as long as the English language does,) one brilliant simile of six lives in the "Campaign," and one or two sententious but not very brilliant passages from Octo, not a line of Addison's poetsy has been quoted for a hundred years. But Mr. Irving's peculiar vein of humbr is not inferior in playful raciness to Addison's; his nicety of characterization is quite equal; his judgment upon all moral relations as sound and true; his human sympa-

eeds Addison in versatility and range, quite as much as Addison exceeds frying in the far less important quality of classical tincture; while as a great national historian, our countryman reaped laurels in a field which Addison never entered."

INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER: LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND ADVENTURES IN

CAMP ON BUENA VISTA PLAIN. To the Editor of the National Era:

Cooper and Longfellow, and other novelis and poets, have drawn fanciful pictures of the North American Indian. They have portrayed him as the very soul of chivalry, the very quint essence of valor and noble daring, the noblest of nature's own noblemen, a perfect type of manly beauty and human symmetry : the beau ideal of graceful manners, attitudes, and evolutions ; the Adonis of the mountains, forests, and plains, who roams at will over the vast exten of his own hunting-ground.

These ideal teachers of the public mind have taught the reading classes, the more refined of society, to love and admire their wild, red breth ren, and, to regret that a race so noble, and nce so numerous and powerful, are now fast passing away, dropping off from earth, and be ing gathered to the spirit-land of their fathers. Among the pictures of our aboriginal broth-

ers, painted on the impressible canvas of imagnation, and hung up in the halls of our ideality are to be found pictures of Indian chiefs and warriors, gay fellows, tall, and graceful, athletic, muscular, and lithe of form, attired in pictur esque and gaudy costumes, with nodding plumes waving from their fantastic head-dress, mount ed on spirited, prancing steeds, with large, flow ing manes and tails, and chasing down the buffalo, elk, deer, or antelope. Some are running a-tilt at full charge with glistening bladed lance poised, and just about to strike death to the game; others, with bow and quiver, are sending arrows with mortal precision into the vital parts of the victims of the chase, while others are careering hither and thither, apparently for the sole purpose of sporting with and teasing the doomed animals they will make their meals of in due time. Pictures of sage, grave sachems, gathered around the council fires, soberly smo king their tomahawk pipes and looking wise while one of their number towers up, straight as an arrow, declaims in terms of glowing eloquence gainst the wrongs and oppression received at the hands of the pale-faces, and with upturned eves and outstretched arms implores the Great Spirit to aid the yong warriors in protecting their hunting grounds, their wigwams, and their tender maidens. Pictures of fierce warriors, grimly painted, and equipped for the war path. yelling, shricking, prancing, whirling, and ges-ticulating through the horrid, exciting mazes of phases of Indian life; groups of squaws hoeng in the maize patches, or carrying food, wood, and water, to the wigwam-village; pretty, bright-eyed maidens, with long flowing hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, and gracefully floating in the breezes as they move about their daily avocations; pounding maize in a large mortar with a round stone; boiling hommony in a quaint kettle, hung on a tripod over a small fire; broiling venison, or rossting a turkey on a queer spit over a round heap glowing coals; dressing skins, or working beads

Indian. Many an utopian plan has been formed for their civilization, their intellectual, social, moral, and religious advancement. But, alas, the white man, with all his religion, learn ing, and wisdom, has failed to know his red brother, to learn his great wants, or how to ap-

ply efforts for his good.

The modern tourist, who journeys westward. and comes in contact with wandering tribes, or rather with the remants of once flourishing rather with the remaints of once flourishing and powerful tribes, now leading a wandering, precarious, half-starving life, humbled, dispiritited, degenerated, do not find that grand, noble, and romantic type of humanity which his preconceived notions and ideas of the race had led him to anticipate. And he at once jumps into the opposite extreme. His high-wrought fancies and sanguine expectations, induced by his ideal literature and poetry, have not been realized, and he flies into a passion. He feels that he has been deceived, and, in plain Saxon language, he says that Cooper, Longfellow, Emerson Bennet, Captain Mayne Reed, and the whole host of Indian character delineators, have lied. He accuses all men of letters who have written a line about the aboriginal race, of falsi-fying sature and ignoring truth for the sake of retaining or creating the beautiful. You re-member that ex-Judge Wilson, a Provincial lawyer of moderate abilities, who happened to make a tour through Mexico, not long since, made a similar accusation against the historian, Prescott, our Prescott, of whom the American cople are justly proud. Our modern tourist receives new impressions, a new revelation, and conceives new opinions, which he is nothing loth to bequeath society through its favorite media, the press—(to-day, the moulder of public opinion and the framer of the common mind)—and he takes up the pen to run a-tilt arginate applies theories and uses the takes. against popular theories, and upset the tables of favorite fiction, or, rather, what he conceives newspapers, the magazines, and in some new publications of to-day, that the American In-dians are a loathsome and disgusting race of the reach of Christian influences. Army offi

the criticism. Mr. Irving, for a man of terters, was not a great reader, and if he possessed
the critical faculty, never exercised it. Addison quoted the Latin poets frequently, and
wrote correct Latin verses himself. Mr. trying
made no pretensions to a familiar acquaintance ernment to rid herself of Indian troubles and Indian bothersens, in to exterminate the whole race at the point of the sabre and of the bayouet, to butcher the people whom we have driven from their hunting grounds, and built our cities, churches, and colleges, our parks, farms, and railrouse, over the graves of their fathers.

Oh, how uncharitable the people of this day and generation! And has it come to this, that our therement can spare no funds from her Treasury to assist in elevating the feeble remants of a wronged and downtrodden race in

the scale of humanity? Are all available funds needed for the purpose of earlching favorites, fattening Government pap-suckers, and corrupting the ballot-hox to influence elections?

These are mere incidental questions, which will asturally arise in the thinking mind, when will naturally arise in the thinking mind, when Government organs talk of national economy, and of curtailing public expense. No doubt, a party hard put to it to maintain itself in power, and pamper its leaders on public spoils, finding itself opposed by a powerful force—a mighty phalanx of adherents to moral and just principles—would be glad to shuffle off the responsibility of an Indian policy, with all its cares, transless, and arrenage, by waging a war of both editors, the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper that week.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and all are in a guiver till they get one.

tracted suit, made an 'ambitious match' with a troubles, and expenses, by waging a war of extermination. Such a war would afford great opportunity for the operations of speculators, army contractors, camp-followers, and so forth. It might also furnish the fast-sinking party with an available and popular candidate for the presidency, in the person of some butchering paeity only they can be compared, Irving exhero.

Alas! the poor Indian! Is he doomed to not a testige of his once noble race? True, the Indians of to-day present many deprayed, loathsome, and disgusting features, and have contracted many vices. But all, or nearly all. can be traced to the influence of civilization! all to the machinations of the white man, whom. I verily believe, has done the Indian equally as much harm as good. His examples for evil have predominated over those for good; while he has introduced every form of vice incidental to civilization, he has almost entirely failed to impress any of the great saving truths of mothe Indian territory lying between Kansas and Texas, and west of Missouri and Arkansas. I may have something to say of these latter peo-ple at some future time.

No. 680.

of these roving tribes I have now seen a great deal, having been among them, more or less, for geveral years; and I like them. know that they have heretofore had more fire-water, that hane of all mankind, dispensed to tymiles south of Canton, and forty miles west are naturally a savage people, of savage ori-giu, and that from almost the earliest history of our nation they have been meting out a terle retribution on the whites, the despoilers elty are set cown against them; that even at this day they often murder emigrants and fron-tier settle s, plunder, and steal. But when I remember that these crimes, in nine cases out of ten, are instigated by wicked white men, who often lead them on the war path, I can exclaim, Oh. Indian, "with all thy faults, I love

But I never could write when any one was ooking our my shoulder. A "sweet sixteen" Indian maiden has stolen upon me, and now stands, her features bright with curiosity and satisfactica, looking down into my book, to learn what I am doing. I have spread my blanket and robe on the luxuriant grass, beneath the shade of a pretty oak-not a large oak-but'one whose green and thick foliaged boughs reach far out, and protect me from the scorching rays of the sun; sat me down, a la Turk, book and pencil in hand, and have been pencilling the foregoing thoughts in my jour-nal, with the intention, of course, of transcri-bing them for the Era.

An Indian family, passing by, espied me at my scribbling; their curiosity was excited, and they halted to ascertain how the pale-face amused himself. Not being obtrusive, they had approached me quietly and respectfully; and when I discovered them, they had taken their positions is follows: About ten paces in front stood the patriareh, a stately Indian, tall and ly the residences of princely merchants.

We had but little difficulty in gaining admission our object was not known, as there

fusion of laxuriant black hair hanging over her shoulders, sat near her lord, giving suck to a nude papoose. A little half-naked boy of six or seven summers stood by the side of his mother, with a finger in his mouth, and looking very timic. The young maiden, probably the first-born of the family, was gaily attired with all the faccias of Indian taste—her dress was very pretty, and so was she. Probably being aware of her beauty and her winning ways, she had press ned to approach me, and look over glowing coals; dressing skins, or working beads into moccasins or other articles of Indian costume, or gaily gambolling over the greensward with lesser children.

All these pictures have been pleasantly contemplated, and elicited the warm admiration of our enthusiastic natures. Many a tear of tender of the poor of the family, was gaily attired with all the faccias of Indian taste—her dress was very pretty, and so was she. Probably being aware of ker beauty and her winning ways, she had presumed to approach me, and look over my shoulder.

Having invited the family to seat themselves

around m., I endeavored to make them under-stand what I had been doing, and I believe I succeeded. They all appeared greatly interested. I then turned to some blank leaves in the was in ecatasies of delight. But when I drew a tashionable belle in the modern style, love-of a act. bonnet, hoops, flounces, and all, she looked at bonnet, hoogs, flounces, and all, she looked at her (the picture) a long time with a puzzled and perplexed air. She took the book, turned it up-side down, and viewed the drawing from every point of view, but could make nothing out of it. She then put her finger to the top of the picture, and asked me if that was not a squaw crawling out at the top of a wignam. When I explained that the figure represented a white man's daughter in full dress, she became intensely literested; ran to a thicket close by, the content of the picture, and asked in the picture, and asked in the top of a wignam. When I explained that the figure represented a white man's daughter in full dress, she became intensely literested; ran to a thicket close by, the content of the morating was one of observation. Having obtained authority from the procurador, or judge, we returned in the afternoon to look for the men sought by my friend. Now we saw displayed the cloven foot of the beast. With special authority to enter the barraccoon, every effort was used to prevent us. M. I arget, the owner, became enraged. The Portuguesse agents and interpreters stormed and foamed. But we would take no denial. After some time, we succeeded in getting in, but we were folfather's blinket, proceeded to manufacture her-self an immense kooped-skirt in an incredible short space of time, and having donned it, strutted and flirted around, to the great amuse-

ment of all.

The father and daughter both understood a little English and a little Spanish; but, in their little Euglish and a little Spanish; but, in their attempts at conversation, they mixed the two enough, we retired, filled with melancholy reogether so much as to be sourcely intelligible. When I asked the old man some questions about the age of his daughter, he offered to sell about the age of his daughter, he offered to sell her to me for two horses and a Maynard rifle I had be me, provided I would promise to take her to my home, and treat her well. He evidently thought he was offering me a very great bargain, for when I respectfully declined the purchase, his countenance fell, and he seemed offended. "Sweet Sixteen" regarded me steading the months, and the condition of those we saw was the condition of all. ly for some moments, her large, soft eyes wide open with astonishment, and then with pouting lips and a coquettish air, two ned her face from

tribes common for some of these Indian sell their daughters. There is scarcely a trader among them that has not from one to three. I am told that the young women like to be sold to white men. I do because the white men feed, clothe, and treat them much better than the lords of their own race, and do not work them so hard.

ribes-are encamped just across the plain, at the margin of the forest, and about three miles distant from our camp.

But, to give you further information respect-

ing these wild people, or to give you an idea of the beauty of this country, I must write another I named this plain myself, and therefore you need not look for it on any map.

Truly yours, GUY OAKLEAF.

RAILROADS IN VIRGINIA. - The advance heets of the report on the railroads of Virginia for 1859 show in operation—including 287 miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad located in he State-1,438 miles of main line of railroad. Across the State, east and west from Portsmouth, via Richmond, Staunton, and Covington, to the mouth of the Big Sandy, on the Ohio river, the railroad distance is 532 miles, of which distance 297 miles completed are

operated by three companies owning connected roads. A bachelor friend of ours left a boarding nouse in which there was a number of old maids, on account of "the miserable fair set before him at the table."

A regular physician, being sent for by

LETTER FROM CHINA MACAO, CHINA, July 2, 1859. To the Editor of the National Era:

The traffic in coolies has recently attracted more than usual attention. Circulars have been issued by the Chinese, denouncing those engaged in the business, and warning the ignorant and unwary. Proclamations have been issued by the Mandarins, threatening severe penalties against any who are found guilty. The allied commissioners of France and England, who govern the city of Canton, have also issued a rality and religion on the minds of his red brethren, or to lead them into the paths that lead to an improved, elevated, and refined state of humanity. I refer now more particularly to the roving tribes, and not to those civilized and semi-civilized nations who have settled in of men kidnapped, and the schemes for ensuarof men kidnapped, and the schemes for ensuaring the young and unwary, have excited the public mind, and have resulted in the above demonstrations, and in others of a more violent character.

The city of Macao is one of the principal headquarters of the coolie traffic in China. It cannot believe, with the modern tourist and de-lineator of Ledian character, that they are not is a Portuguese city, and has been occupied by believe that the right plan for treating and The streets and houses resemble those of a city in Southern Europe. It is situated about nine them, than Gospel; more vice and disease than religion and morals. I know also that they has long been a summer resort for the families of merchants and for invalids in search of health. The population of the city consists of about 5,000 Portuguese, and 40,000 Chinese, of their homes; that many acts of fiendish cru- together with a few English, American, French, Dutch, Spanish, Parsees, &c.

In former times, the trade of Macao was very great, and her merchants lived like princes in magnificent residences, affording all the luxuries required in a tropical climate. But her glory has departed. Her magnificent churches and spacious dwellings still tell of her former power and pride; but the degenerated descendants of ambitious and energetic ancestors show how great changes have been wrought by Popery, the climate, and erime.

This is a short sketch of the city which has become within three years the headquarters of a traffic in human flesh, which is becoming so extensive as to require an investigation into its

character.

Being here for a short time, in pursuit of health, I desired to examine the barracoons, and learn something of the modus operandi of the business. A favorable opportunity offered, and on yesterday I accompanied my friend the for six men that had been kidnapped at

Rev. Mr. A., of Hong Kong, who was looking

with beass; a red calico shirt, or blouse, reaching to his knees, while over his shoulders gracefully hung a snow-white blanket; from his head waved several eagle feathers; his how and quiver of arrows suspended over his left shoulder, leaning on his long lance, and soberly gazing at me.

His squaw, a portly matron, with fancy leggins, a short calico dress, a red scarf, a profusion of laxuriant black hair hanging over her shoulders, sat near her lord, giving suck to a nude papoose. A little half-naked boy of six to do this because we could speak to the prisonnot answer. One man offered to serve me three or four years, without wages, if I would get

him out. We were not, however, permitted to question the poor fellows very long. It was soon discovered that we could talk with them, and we were back part of my diary, and drew some rough pictures & buffalo, antelope, and other animals of the pains; of soldiers and Indians, both mounted and on foot. The pictures seemed to closely watched by Portuguese guards, about a please them much. The maiden in particular for the purpose, no doubt, of giving him such

intensely literesied; ran to a thicket close by procured in serial long withes, borrowed her father's blimitet, proceeded to manufacture herself an improve hooped skirt in an incredible short space of time, and having donned it, strutted and flirted around, to the great amusement of all.

The father and daughter both understood a little Euglish and a little Spanish; but, in their

After continuing our fruitless efforts long.

flections on the scenes we had witnessed. There were over five hundred men and boys (many of them between 14 and 20) imprisoned with no

was the condition of all.

The means used to collect these men as hibits the diabolical Lature of the business. Agents are employed who go about the country to gather up sech as are suitable. The agent gets about \$20 per head. Now, this is half a year's wages; and if he gets one coolie, he can live that long without work. If he obtains women like to six men, he receives a sum of money which blame them, will make him rich in comparison with the masses of laboring men. Now, let it be ob-served that a very large reward is offered to avaricious men, and these men have no sense About three thousand Indians—Texas Re-serve Indians, the fragments of five or six any means that may be necessary to secure their victims; and in the midst of a population so dense, it is easy to find many unsuspecting victims. Every possible scheme to decoy the unwary is used, but perhaps the most common is as follows: The coolie agent finds a man out of employ, and informs him that he has a friend in Macao who will give him work and high wages. He promises to take him to the place, and soon the poor tellow finds himself a prison-er. Another plan is to take advantage of the

er. Another plan is to take advantage of the gambling propensities of the Chinese. The coolie agent lends money to a man to gamble with; he loses; the agent says, pay me that money or follow me. He has him in his power, and takes him to the barracoon, and gets his reward. Cases of actual kidnapping are numerous, and it is not strange that it should be so, when so great a temptation is offered to men who value money above every other good. If the devices used to decoy the good men who have been shipped from this port could be known, how dark would be the record. The very fact that so large a sum is paid per head known, how dark would be the record. The very fact that so large a sum is paid per head for coolies is sufficient evidence that there are few who go willingly. I have for several years carefully observed this coolie traffic, and have had favorable opportunities of knowing the feelings of the people on the subject, and I am satisfied that it is really the slave trade under another name. The current area for cold with the state of t war of regular physician, being sent to the rame. The cursed avarice for gold sears quack doctor, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling.

"Not so trifling, my good sir," replied the quack, "for to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

Children are much like jellies; as they are moulded, se will they turn out.

Other name. The cursed avarice for gold sears and hardens the hearts of men, and crushes out the feelings of humanity that would naturally exist there. And the managers of this disgrace ful business purchase and imprison men, and transport them, without remorse of conscience.

One of us asked why those who wanted to go home were not permitted to return. The